

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXV. No. 2283

and **BYSTANDER**

London
March 28, 1945



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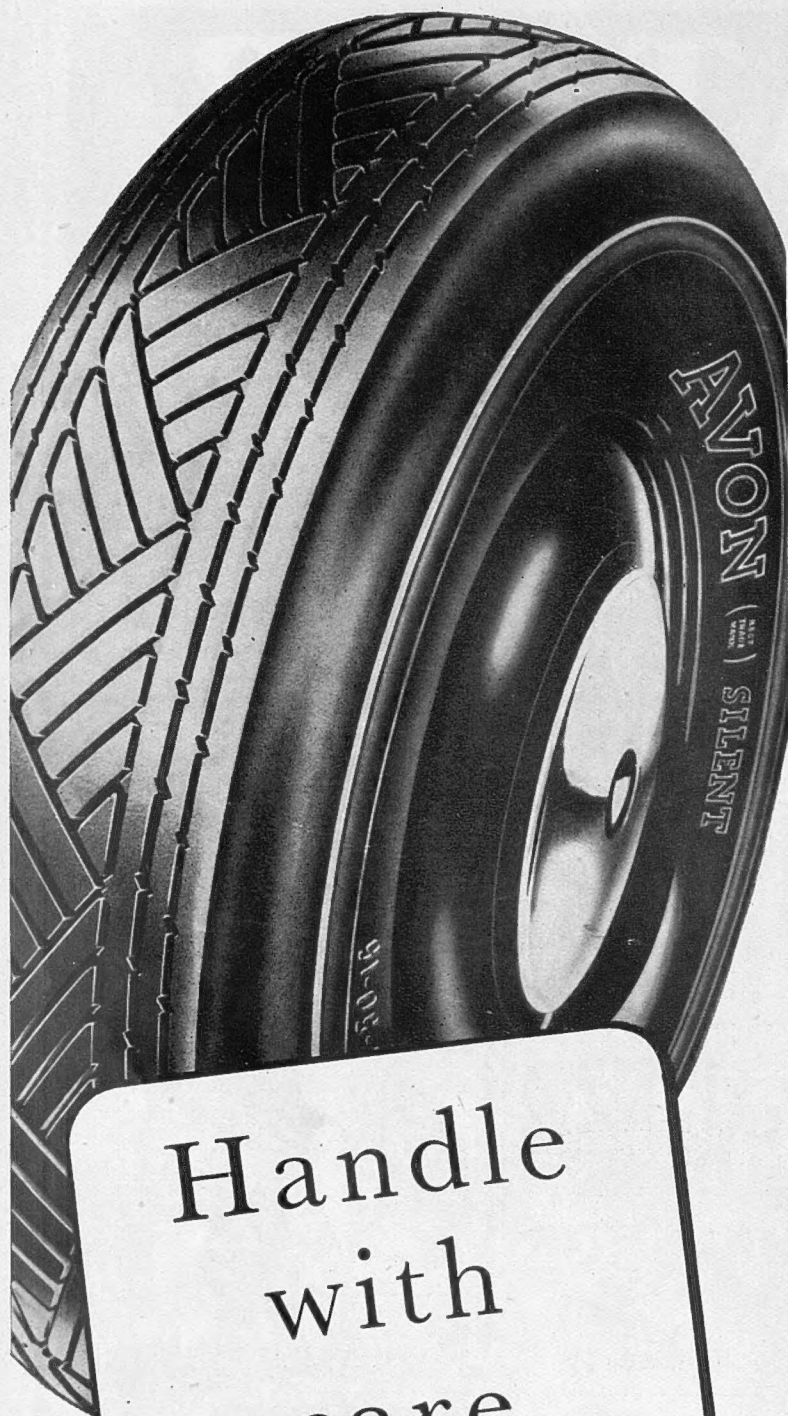
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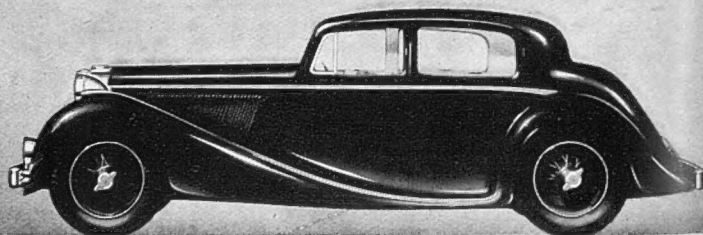
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and BYSTANDER

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Yevonde

Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth

Viscount Weymouth, only surviving son of the Marquis of Bath, married in 1927 the Hon. Daphne Vivian, daughter of the 4th Baron Vivian. His elder brother was killed in 1916, serving in the Dragoons. A major in The Wiltshire Yeomanry, Lord Weymouth was wounded at El Alamein, and is now attached to the American XIX Corps as British Liaison Officer, and while with them has been awarded the Bronze and Silver Stars. Lady Weymouth works at an American Hospital in the country, as librarian and British Liaison Officer. She and her husband have three sons and one daughter. Before the war Lord Weymouth sat as Conservative M.P. for Frome Division of Somerset, a constituency which his father twice represented in Parliament. He was a Member of the Council of the Prince of Wales from 1933 to 1936



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Finale

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, in his typically graphic way, told his troops the other day: "We have entered the ring for the last time. There will be no gong." In other words, we are now witnessing the beginning of the last battles to end the war in Europe. As the days pass we shall see the unfolding of the Allied plans to encompass and defeat the Germans. These plans have been prepared with the utmost caution, and as far as Field-Marshal Montgomery is concerned we can feel assured that little, if anything, has been left to chance. The lessons learned at Arnhem will not have been forgotten. But until the Rhine is crossed, and the battle is fully joined deep into Germany, it would be folly to attempt any assessments of the situation ahead. The Germans, like ourselves, have had plenty of time to make their preparations, both to meet the Rhine crossing and to obstruct the way to Berlin. It will be a last ditch battle for them. For the Allies it will be the fulfilment of months of planning and mounting confidence, which had its birth on the Normandy beaches. Superiority in all elements has been with the Allies for a long time, and now it is being measured against the cunning and the courage of the Germans.

Morale

REPORTS of the declining morale of the German soldier are well confirmed, but it would be unwise to imagine that it is general. In certain sections of the army morale is not only high, but fanatically desperate. The question is: Can the German Army now fighting a war to the death on two fronts, against all the training and the conviction of the German High Command, be rallied to defend and defeat the invasion of the homeland? If it cannot, the way is open to Berlin, either for the Russians or for the Anglo-American Army. In my opinion we shall

witness in the very near future either the dramatic collapse of Germany's military might, or a redoubtable defence which can be equally spectacular. In the final result, the weight must, of course, be on the side of the Allies. The Germans have been conserving petrol for these last battles. But when these supplies are gone, the mobility of the German Army will have disappeared. So will its power to impose damage on the Allied Armies. It will have to rely on static defence, and this can be of varying length. In properly defended positions, it is conceivable that the Germans can hold up the Allies for some time. It all depends if the morale of the German soldier is inspired to outlive the supplies at his command.

Overtures

THE visit of Dr. Fritz Hesse, one-time German newspaper correspondent in London, to Stockholm for the advertised purpose of making contact on behalf of Herr von Ribbentrop with British representatives, seems to me to have been over-dramatized. Ribbentrop's hatred of Britain is so deep that in my opinion he is the very last of the Nazis ever likely to seek peace terms. He is proud and arrogant, and I am certain that he would rather do anything than humble himself to the British. Therefore I accept the denial which Ribbentrop issued, once the account of Hesse's mission became public knowledge.

Hesse is a confidant of Ribbentrop's, and it may be that he was doing something not unlike his namesake, Rudolf Hess, who flew to this country to help Hitler allegedly without his knowledge, and got internment for his pains. At the same time these happenings indicate a state of confusion in the Nazi hierarchy. Circumstantial rumours have been reaching London about quarrels in the German High Command, and one of these reports, as yet unconfirmed, asserts that Field-Marshal von Rundstedt was placed under arrest a short time ago.

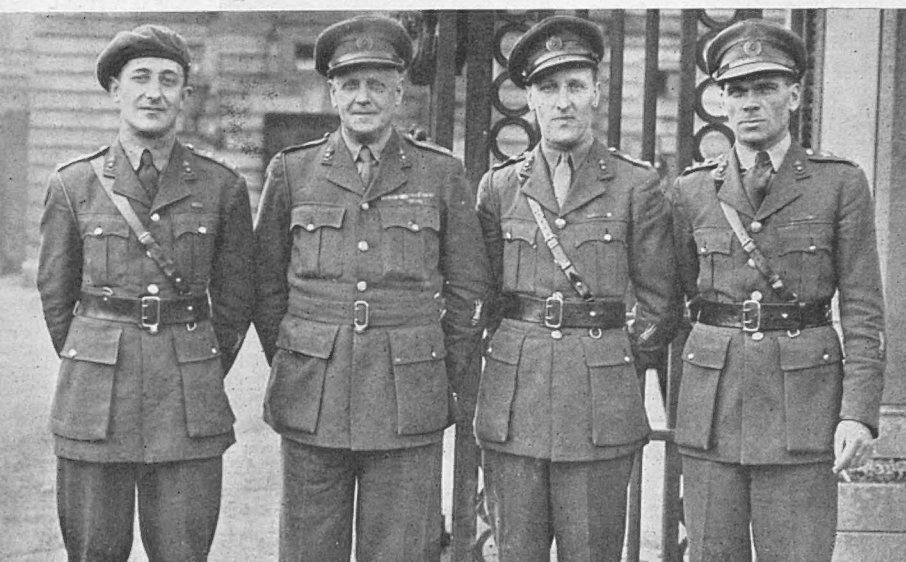
Punishment

THE Archbishop of York, one of the mildest of men, has urged that Hitler and his immediate associates should be outlawed and put to death immediately on their capture and identification. It is an astounding declaration from such an influential figure in the Church of England. If Dr. Garbett were a politician, one would be reminded of the final days of the last war when the cry was "Hang the Kaiser." But Dr. Garbett is no armchair judge, and clearly he reached his decision to urge that salutary punishment should be meted out after careful thought and with some knowledge. He has visited Russia and seen the suffering the Nazis have imposed on Holland. He has heard first-hand accounts of those who have experienced the cruelties of Nazi occupation. As he told the House of Lords, it would have been much more pleasant for him to plead for mercy. "But sometimes justice has to take precedence over mercy, just as righteousness has to take precedence over peace."



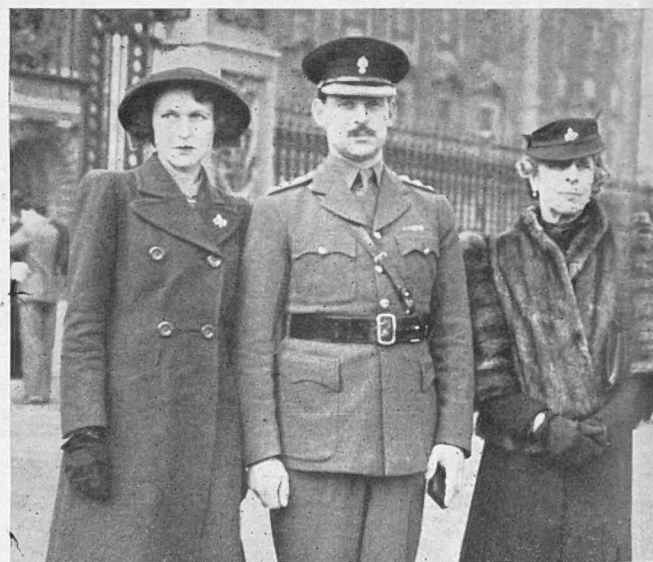
Army Signals Chief

Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B.E., D.S.O., is Signals Officer in Chief 21st Army Group. He commanded the 4th Indian Divisional Signals in the Western Desert, and was later C.S.O. Eighth Army



Some of Those Who Were Decorated at a Recent Investiture

Capt. W. C. Swinson, Major C. H. Chapple, Capt. W. C. Robinson and Capt. E. L. Bourne all received the George Medal at the investiture. Their Company was formed in 1940 by its present O.C., Major C. H. Chapple, and has operated on bomb disposal in East Anglia ever since



Capt. Thomas Butler received the D.S.O. Taken prisoner by the Italians in 1943, he later escaped with Capt. Mark Bonham Carter. His wife and his mother, Lady Butler, were at the Palace with him



Jeep-Riding in Italy

Major-Gen. J. Y. Whitfield, D.S.O., O.B.E., commanding a division in Italy, is seen here with members of his staff: Lieut. Powell, from the Isle of Wight; L/Cpl. Gutteridge, of Ashuambruan, York (G.O.C.'s escort); Dvr. H. Smith, of Chessington, Surrey; and Signalman King, of Holsworthy, Devon

There is no doubt that Dr. Garbett will have support in the highest quarters for his assertion that there should be no public trial of Hitler and Co. with the accompanying excitement and sensation. Imagine the situation which might arise if Hitler were arraigned amid all the panoply of legal formality, and his defending counsel were able to find some flaw in the indictments against him, or even in the competence of the Court to try him. The whole business of bringing Hitler to justice—justice which those who have suffered have every right to expect—might be turned into a farce. Not only would Hitler escape punishment, but the lawyer who defended him would gain world renown.

Differentiation

DR. GARBETT was at pains to distinguish between Hitler and his immediate colleagues, and those subordinates who have carried out their savage orders. He said that these subordinates could have refused to transmit or to carry out these orders, and for this they should be punished. In a third guilty category he placed the whole of the German people, but

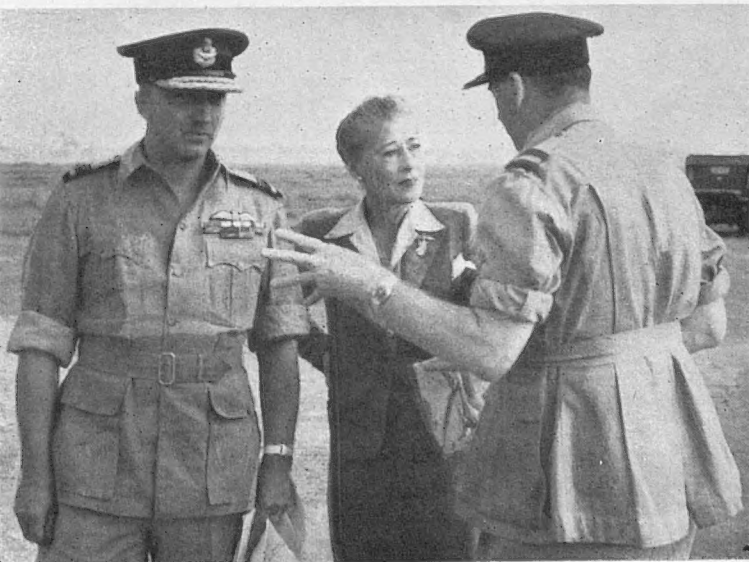
for them he thought that defeat, invasion and destruction of their homes might be regarded as sufficient punishment. When we condemn and punish the war criminals, it should be made plain to the German people that there is no idea of indiscriminate killing. This powerful speech from a prince of the Church should do much to clarify the issues which must soon arise in the minds of all people about Hitler and the future of Germany. Dr. Garbett was right when he asserted that the German people could not be entirely distinguished from the Nazis. The German people chose Hitler and supported him year after year with the greatest enthusiasm. They supported Hitler to the exclusion of all other potential leaders and national influences. The result is that now, in their dire situation, the German people have nobody to whom they can turn for leadership and guidance. There is nobody in Germany with whom the Allies can negotiate. Italy was able to produce leaders capable of commanding support, but in Germany there is nobody. The Nazis saw to this. Anybody who might be dangerous to the Nazi Party, or the Nazi policy, was removed by death.

Puzzle

IN this sixth year of the war the people of this country can be excused if they are puzzled, and eventually they become annoyed, at the prospect of a further reduction in their meat ration. It must be difficult for them to understand why any cut should be necessary. Obviously people must think that there is either a lack of efficiency or co-ordination. Lack of co-operation must not be allowed to develop, for it is only by this spirit that the achievement of victory can be turned into a common enjoyment of peace. Politics may answer the puzzle which all the publicity about the meat situation has caused. The key may be found in the fact that at the behest of the United States Government Britain joined in a diplomatic boycott of the Argentine. The only answer to the problem which now confronts the British Government is to obtain all the meat she can from Argentina, if the United States feel that they must reduce the quota sent to Britain. The political aspects of this problem are now being cleared away, and once a settlement has been arranged, I for one, doubt very much whether it will be necessary to cut the small British weekly meat ration.

Politics

THE Prime Minister has provided all the material necessary for a political revival in this country. His speech to the Conservative Party Conference in which he declared that, assuming he was returned to power after the General Election, he would form a new National Government composed of the strongest forces available has led to so many interpretations. It seems that Mr. Churchill does not necessarily mean that he wants another Coalition of all the parties. He says what he means. He wants the strongest representatives from any, or all, parties who are willing to serve and to work under his leadership. This would enable a powerful opposition to be brought to life in the House of Commons. If the Conservative Party were to win a majority, Mr. Churchill obviously believes that he would have no difficulty in getting people like Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir John Anderson, to serve under him. This would leave the Labour Party in opposition. But what will happen if the Conservative Party did not get a clear majority, or the Labour Party were to romp home to power, are the matters on which politicians have been speculating most.



Lady Park arrives in India with her husband

On the occasion of the arrival in Calcutta of Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, Allied Air C.-in-C. South East Asia, Lady Park was photographed talking to Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Gibbs, Senior Air Staff Officer R.A.F. Bengal-Burma; and Air-Commodore F. J. W. Mellersh, Strategic Air Force



With the R.A.F. in India

F/Lt. Robin Sinclair, F/O Reginald Stocks, navigator, and P/O Douglas Rushton, intelligence officer, three members of a R.A.F. photographic reconnaissance unit, are seen planning a photographic sortie. F/Lt. Sinclair is a son of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air. His dog is called Popsie

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Kinds Of Nonsense

By James Agate



The Christian Maid and the Roman Warrior, who, converted to Christianity, voluntarily accompanies her to the great sacrifice: Elissa Landi as Mercia, Fredric March as Marcus Superbus

THERE was a great deal to be said for the old buck who liked the streets to be well aired before he took his morning walk. Similarly I am in favour of letting a film warm up to the extent of some twenty minutes or so. The advantages are obvious; you get rid of those boring credit-titles, I think they are called, telling you the name of the assistant camera-man and who made up the women's faces. If the picture has a story to tell, it will have begun to tell it; and if it hasn't, you'll be the less bored.

OWING to circumstances beyond my control I was half an hour late for *The Man From Morocco* (Warner). This film ought, of course, to have been about Bob Hope and a camel, but it turned out not to be. Instead, I found myself plunged into the middle of an obviously dull story about the Spanish Civil War. Now I am very sorry and all that, but Spain is one of those countries in which I cannot take the slightest interest. It is true that Spain gave a Frenchman the local colour for one of the world's best novels which another Frenchman afterwards turned into the world's most perfect opera. It also provided a Polish Jew who never got nearer Spain than Paris, with an excellent peg for his *Danses Espagnoles*. And there, with Mérimée, Bizet and Moszkowski, my interest in Spain comes to an end. I do not defend this. You could dazzle me

with lists of great painters and composers, world-famous novelists and playwrights; that would not alter the fact that I would rather spend a holiday at Blackpool than in Barcelona. I have always been utterly bored with the Spanish Civil War, and have never believed a word said by either side about the other. Mercutio's "A plague o' both your houses!" seems to me the only reasonable attitude.

THE present film turned out to be all about some volunteers from some sort of International Brigade, a dispirited band who, when the Civil War ended, decided to take refuge in France where they were captured and treated as political prisoners. As far as I could make out these volunteers included a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Canadian, a German, a Russian, an American, an Englishman and a Scot. Sent to the Sahara they tried to escape; and, to adapt what the Irishman said on being asked the way to Limerick: If it was meself that was going to Peebles, it's not from the middle of the Sahara that I'd be startin' at all! Did I say Sahara? The landscape looked to me uncommonly like Lytham with a bit of St. Anne's thrown in. There was a beautiful girl called Manuela (Margaretta Scott) in love with Karel, presumably the Man from Morocco (Anton Walbrook). Now while I have an extraordinary admiration for Miss Scott's talent, I regard her as being about as Spanish as the Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond. Yes, this is a thoroughly worthy and, my hat! thoroughly British picture. But why did they insist on showing us the whole of it? A five-minute trailer would have told any competent critic all he wanted to know.

I DON'T expect to be believed in my account of *Music For Millions* (Empire). However revolting the sentimentality of that novel which Miss Prism put in the perambulator in place of the baby, it cannot have come within measurable distance of the tear-compelling enormities of Myles Connolly's screen play.

AND there's another matter. It is generally conceded that women orchestral players are not ridiculous so long as they confine themselves to harp and fiddle. But a woman blowing a trombone looks ridiculous, as must any cymbal-clashing or big drum-walloping female. The 'cello? Gilbert obviously thought that a woman who played the 'cello must be absurd or he wouldn't have opened the second act of *Patience* with Lady Jane accompanying herself on that instrument. (I remember Miss Ursula Bloom telling us in some novel how "a melancholy gentleman with a walrus moustache proceeded to drape himself about his 'cello, whilst a tall thin man disposed of his personal attractions to suit the shape of his more exacting double-bass.") At a pinch the 'cello may be conceded to women but not the double-bass. Of course, if Gilbert had known anything about music he would have made the Lady Jane prefer the latter instrument. But even he, I think, would not have chosen as the heroine of his story a female double-bass player who is also pregnant. But quite nicely, of course, as Jean Cadell used to say in the musical comedy, since Barbara Ainsworth has a husband who is a soldier having business in the Pacific.

NOW this Barbara (June Allyson) has a seven-year-old sister called "Mike" (Margaret O'Brien) who arrives alone at a



"The Sign of the Cross," stupendous, lush, DeMille production of 1932, is revived (with an entirely new and up-to-date prologue) by Paramount at the Plaza Theatre, and serves as a reminder of the old days when 7,500 extras could be hired for a single scene, when huge, mammoth, colossal, titanic were adjectives which might be bandied about with some meaning. "The Sign of the Cross" was a sensation when first presented in this country, and the four players who headed its cast, Claudette Colbert as Poppaea, Charles Laughton as Nero, Fredric March as Marcus Superbus, and Elissa Landi as Mercia, still regard this film as the high point in their careers. Pictured above are Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March



Karel (Anton Walbrook), sheltering with his men in a shell-battered castle, finds part of the castle inhabited by Manuela (Margaretta Scott) and her brother. Karel and Manuela fall in love



Going over the French frontier, Karel and his men are classed as political prisoners and imprisoned. Because of antipathy between Karel and the camp commandant, the men are sent to work on the Sahara railway construction scheme in the desert



With the help of a loyal French doctor, Karel manages to escape from the camp with information given him by the doctor vital to the Allies. He reaches London safely and there re-meets Manuela



His mission successfully accomplished, in spite of Nazi efforts, Karel returns to the desert and succeeds in liberating his old companions. An exciting climax leaves Karel and Manuela free to take up life together

railway station in New York. Hearing that Barbara is performing with the Philharmonic, this engaging tot walks on to the platform during the performance of a Tschaikowsky symphony in order to apprise her sister of her arrival. Neither José Iturbi, the conductor, nor the audience sees anything remarkable in this dumb-show—for it happens during a particularly noisy part of the symphony—while Barbara herself just stops playing. And so it continues throughout the film, “Mike” continuing in assiduity as she sees her sister getting more and more tired in the middle of rehearsal or performance. The fact that a concerto is playing is not going to stop “Mike” bringing in a stool for Barbara to sit on!

Now the other girls in the orchestra learn that Barbara’s husband has been killed in action, but they decide not to tell her this until she has had the baby; indeed, they go to the length of getting the uncle of one of them,

a professional forger, to fake a letter saying that Joe has been lost in the jungle but that everything has come all right. This comforts Barbara, and as her time arrives all the girls cluster at the hospital. Alas, “the stork is a little late,” and the orchestra has to leave or it will be late for the concert. Which concert begins, if you please, with the “Hallelujah” Chorus! (There is a shot of Iturbi opening a full-score of *Messiah* starting on page one with this chorus!) Barbara’s friends saw and tootle through this in tearful, apprehensive fashion, when presently “Mike” arrives from the hospital and signals to one of the girls that it’s a boy. The news spreads through the orchestra like wildfire and Iturbi stops conducting to clasp his hands in the well-known gesture of the American boxer. The audience? Just too dumb to take any notice. Presently it turns out that the uncle was too drunk to fake the letter, from which it follows that the one Barbara received must have been real. And we leave the happy mother safely delivered

of a male child in full blast at the age of ten minutes at Tschaikowsky’s 1812 Overture, or something of the sort.

NEVERTHELESS, and in spite of all absurdities, I say that this is a magnificent film. To begin with, little Margaret O’Brien puts up a performance which for sheer naturalness, sincerity and pathos knocks our Davises and Hepburns, Dunnes and Colberts into the middle of next week. There are two sequences—one with Jimmy Durante and another in which the tot teaches her sister how to pray—which make Dickens with his Little Nell lachrymatics look like an amateur. O’Brien’s performance may not be spontaneous and I suspect a lot of contrivance. Art or nature, Margaret is a bit of genius. There is a grandly comic piece of acting by Hugh Herbert. Iturbi plays the piano a great deal and extremely well. The sound recording is perfect. There is a blessed absence of Technicolor. And the cutting throughout is a miracle.

The Theatre

"Great Day" (Playhouse)

IT seems to be as difficult to learn from the stage as from life about women. Miss Clare Boothe wrote in the long ago a play with women as the only characters. She represented them as pampered cats with "jungled" nails so sharp that a single scratch could inflict a mortal wound. Now comes Miss Lesley Storm with a piece in which all but three of the dozen characters are women. She represents them as a kindly lot, a little trying perhaps but only in one case definitely tiresome, patient, cheerful, hard-working, immensely public-spirited and mostly ready at any moment to play the ministering angel. The colonel's lady and Sister O'Grady were sisters under the skin, but the relationship of Miss Boothe's women to the newcomers is infinitely remote.

THERE are at least three ways of explaining the remarkable difference. The easiest is to retreat under cover of manly patronage, blandly murmuring that women will say anything—especially about other women. Quite the most difficult is to point out that Miss Storm's women are living, not in the demoralizing luxury of American peace-time civilization, but in wartime England, and to maintain stoutly that the war has worked a revolution in the nature of women. The simplest is to recognize that whereas the American play exposed the private lives of its women the English play merely reports the conversation of members of a Women's Institute while they

are on their best behaviour in the village hall. At the end of *Great Day* we have gained an amusingly realistic impression of how a Women's Institute would face up to a visit by Mrs. Roosevelt. The local operatic nightingale has been gently cheated of her chance to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." The slightly crazy visionary has been politely but firmly frightened out of her conviction that she should attempt to convert the distinguished visitor. An evening gown has been heroically sacrificed to make a suitable dress for the little girl with the bouquet. The torn Union Jack has been so draped that its rent is not nationally shaming. A certain democratic harmony of dress for the great day itself has been arrived at. And so on. Something of the importance of these trivialities is cleverly suggested, and any one having some knowledge of a village hall in time of crisis will smilingly recognize that the dialogue is crowded with remarks that might have been collected by an itinerant shorthand writer. In so far as these remarks build up the background of the play they are selected with good judgment and often appear neatly characteristic of familiar village types. But they tell us no more of the characters than we might ourselves deduce from a round of visits to village halls.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



Ex-barmaid and ex-D'Oyly Carte singer: Olga Lindo as Mrs. Mumford.
Elsie Randolph as Mrs. Moti



All dressed up for the Great Day:
Irene Handl as Mrs. Beale, Dorothy Dewhurst as Miss Tomlinson

Hinton and Mr. Edgar Norfolk neglect none of its emotional possibilities. Miss Irene Handl, Miss Olga Lindo and others are neatly realistic, and Miss Elsie Randolph plays the songless nightingale with music-hall brio.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

IF plays could be all background this would be an excellent piece. But the uses of superficial realism on the stage are strictly limited, and when Miss Storm drops her reporting of likely remarks and tries to look a little deeper into character her play becomes something less than excellent. The most patiently helpful of the women is married to an elegant wastrel, a vain fellow who attaches more importance to the hang of his own flannel bags than to the attractiveness of his wife's hat and skirt and who is never able, when the "Blue Boar" opens, to resist making yet one more raid on the slender housekeeping purse. Then he is caught stealing a ten shilling note from a girl's handbag, which in the light of his long experience in sponging, is a little steep for belief; and, being threatened with the police court, drowns himself, which is so precipitous that belief sinks down exhausted. There is another little story yet more feeble. The wastrel's daughter, having been tempted to marry her well-to-do employer, suddenly jilts him for the nice young man she has always loved. All this is as untrue to nature as the description of a Women's Institute at work is true to fact. But Miss Mary



Farm girl and lily of the field:
Barbara White as Edna Ellis.
Joan Schofield as Victoria Calder

Allegorical Fantasy

Shaw's "Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" Has its First London Production

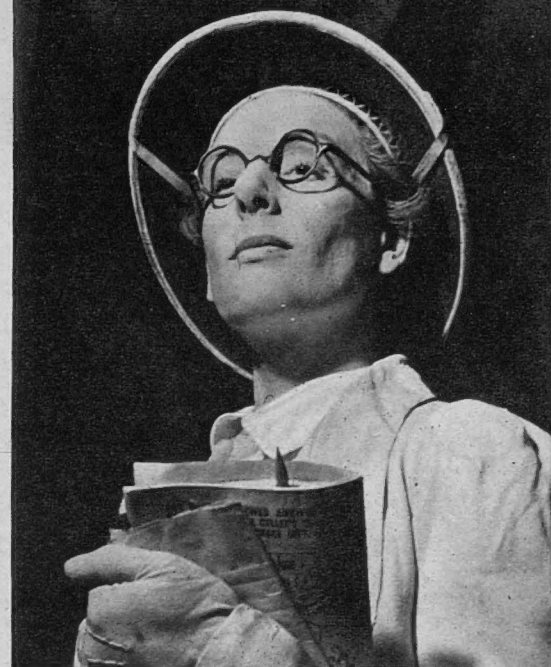
● On a Pacific island, four white people join an Eastern priest and priestess in a eugenic experiment calculated to produce a perfect family. The resulting four children are devoid of moral conscience and, worried about the next generation, their parents welcome a young priest, Phosphor Hammingtap, who has previously been acting as pirates' chaplain. A further arrival on the island is an Angel who has come to announce the Day of Judgment, which is not, the Angel declares, the end of the world but the beginning of its responsible maturity. The play is at the Arts Theatre, where it has been produced by Judith Furse

Photographs by Hess



Wilks: "Back of the head: that's the Russian touch"

Wilks, Emigration Officer's clerk, unable to stand life any longer, shoots himself, singing "Rule, Britannia" (Newton Blick)



Lady Tourist: "I could not bear to think of your spending eternity in torment"

The Lady Tourist is anxious that all the islanders should be Christians (Dorothy Reynolds)



Lady Tourist: "Would you mind accepting and reading this little tract?"

Baedeker in hand, the Lady Tourist tours the island. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, she makes what converts she may (Mark Dignam, Anna Burden, Cecily Paget-Bowman, Dorothy Reynolds)



Clergyman: "I beg your pardon. I am a stranger here"

Put ashore on a tropical island by the pirates to whom he has acted as chaplain, Phosphor Hammingtap (Peter Jones) is astonished to find two young goddesses (Natasha Sokolova and Daphne Arthur) with their god-like companions (Owen Holder and Philip Ingram)



The Angel: "The Day of Judgment is not the end of the world but the end of its childhood and the beginning of its responsible maturity"

The Angel (Bill Shine) explains to the islanders the real meaning of the Day of Judgment which, the Angelic messenger declares, is imminent



Clergyman: "I am glad I am an English clergyman. A village and a cottage: a garden and a church: these things will not turn to nothing"

Phosphor reaffirms his belief in the things he holds most dear. The "perfect" children have disappeared in the Day of Judgment

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Easter Plans

THEIR MAJESTIES' Easter plans are to spend a few days in the country with the two Princesses, both of whom have an engagement to pick daffodils with their mother for the benefit of various Service and civilian hospitals, to which Lent lilies are an annual gift from the Queen and daughters.

In the last week or two, both the King and Queen have been busy with a host of different calls on their time, Palace Investitures taking up, as usual, several very full mornings for His Majesty, and humdrum domestic matters like the spring cleaning of Buckingham Palace calling for the personal attention of the Queen. Nevertheless, the King and Queen found time one evening to go to the theatre; they chose *To-morrow the World*, and both Their Majesties enjoyed to the full the striking performance of fourteen-year-old David O'Brien as the Nazi youth, commenting afterwards on the vivid reality of his acting. The King wore the Service dress of a Field-Marshal, and the Queen was in a long-skirted dinner gown of black, with a silver-fox fur.

Important Visitors

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR ALAN BROOKE, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with latest news of our Army dispositions in the Battle of the Rhine, Mr. Winston Churchill, with the higher secrets of international politics, and Vice-Admiral Land, of the U.S. Navy, with heartening accounts of the close co-operation between the men of the American Service and our own Royal Navy, have been among the King's recent visitors, and the fact that Major-Gen. George Venier, of the Canadian Army, was received in audience by His Majesty on his appointment as Canadian Ambassador to France is a striking reminder of the fact that His

Majesty is King of Canada equally as he is King of Great Britain. Another visitor of more than usual interest was Sir Edward Bridges, the brilliant, enigmatic son of the late Poet Laureate, who came to see the King on his appointment to the No. 1 post of the Civil Service—that of Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, an office which carries with it the position of Secretary to the Order of the British Empire.

Wedding

BECAUSE of unexpected leave, the marriage of Miss Audrey Combe to Lt. Burgo Purcell, Junr., of the United States Air Force, took place at short notice, and invitations were given over the telephone the evening before the ceremony. The young couple looked radiantly happy as they stood at the altar of St. Saviour's, Walton Street, and afterwards at the reception given by the bride's mother, Lady Moira Combe, at her house in Cadogan Square. Miss Combe had a particularly lovely wedding-dress, for it was a transformation of the frock she wore when she was presented at Court just before the war, and made of heavy white watered silk shot with gold. Her very full tulle veil was so long that it formed a train and looked strikingly beautiful with a coronet of pink-tinted hyacinths and gardenias, the pink touch reappearing also in the bouquet with its pinkish freesias mingling with lilies.

Lady Moira looked very smart and young in a black frock with panels of royal blue, and the frothiest arrangement of black-spotted veiling as headgear. Royal blue was also worn by Mrs. Lionel Neame, and both her smart little hat and gloves were of this gay colour. Col. Combe gave away the bride, and amongst others there I saw Col. Neame, Col. the Hon Jack Mitford (who proposed the health of bride and groom), Mr. Bertram Kruger (the popular



Air Commodore's Daughter Christened

The baby daughter of A/Cdre. E. H. Feilden, Master of the King's Flight, and Mrs. Feilden was christened at St. George's, Hanover Square. Their son, Angus, also at the ceremony, is a godson of the King

head of American War Relief) and the bride's grandmother, Lady Clonmell.

Concert

LADY WALERAN is a charming young married woman who is now coming forward to take her place in the forwarding of good works. She has found time, among the many hours in which she works at the St. John and Red Cross headquarters, to take the chairmanship of the committee formed to raise funds for the Sick Children's Hospital and Convalescent Home of the Battersea Central Mission. A concert is being arranged, and Lady Waleran presided at the first committee meeting at Claridge's in connection with it. She explained that it was the first time she had ever acted as chairman of anything, and that she felt very nervous and anxious as to whether she would be able to



Family Party at a Country Christening

Mr. G. S. Harvie Watt, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Churchill, was photographed with his wife and family on the occasion of the christening of his daughter, Rachael, which took place at St. David's Church, Bathgate. Mrs. Harvie Watt is a daughter of Pay.-Capt. Archibald Taylor, O.B.E., R.N.

Benson, Glasgow



Cdr. Watkins's Son is Christened

Christopher Robert Campbell, son of Cdr. G. R. G. Watkins, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Watkins, was christened in Wiltshire. Her father took part in the Battle of Cape Matapan. His wife is a daughter of Mrs. Colin Campbell

Bothwell, Chippenham

Wounded Watch Racing

A GLORIOUS spring day with brilliant sunshine blessed the Gold Cup meeting at Cheltenham. Many of the women added to the brightness of the scene by discarding their top-coats and displaying brightly-coloured spring suits, many of them pre-war and looking better than new—a tribute to the lasting value of British tweeds and tailoring. Another bright patch of colour in the Members' was provided by a party of wounded soldiers in their "hospital blue." This racecourse executive are to be congratulated on their very kind gesture in providing free accommodation for these men who have been fighting for their country. They gave them the committee-room as a luncheon- and rest-room, with a lovely blazing fire, and provided seating accommodation for them all along the balcony outside, which has the best possible view of the racing over this lovely course. The men were very appreciative of this kind gesture, and all said it was the best day they had had for years, and for some of them their first day's racing.

The Gold Cup

LORD STALBRIDGE'S good horse Red Rower won the Gold Cup in a record field of sixteen runners and in record time, beating Golden Miller's previous record of 6 min. 30 sec. by 14 sec. Lord Stalbridge, who trains his own horses and is such a pillar of N.H. racing, was there to see this magnificent performance. He now hopes to bring off a spring double by winning the Champion Hurdle with his horse Red April at the Easter Meeting. This was Red Rower's third try for the Gold Cup; he was third in 1941 and second in 1942, the last time it was run. The second in this race was Mrs. Keith Cameron's very game horse Schubert, who was fourth in the 1942 race. He ran a wonderful race, jumping flawlessly the whole journey, and led the field for the last mile, but after jumping the last fence beside Red Rower, he was finally beaten by three lengths, the winner's superior speed on the flat being the deciding factor.

Spectators and Owners

THERE was a tremendous crowd—a record for a wartime meeting here—to watch this very excellent day's racing, which included seven races besides the Gold Cup. The Duchess of Norfolk, one of the keenest supporters of

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Father and Son Decorated

Col. H. C. Honeybourne, who received the C.B.E., and his son, Lt.-Col. C. T. Honeybourne, the O.B.E., at an Investiture, were accompanied to the Palace by their wives and Lt.-Col. Honeybourne's little daughter

do her task properly. But it was soon evident that she had no need for any fears, as she proved very competent in every way, and looked most attractive with a swirl of jade-green ostrich feathers on her small hat.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent is to conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and is arranging the programme of the concert which will take place at the Royal Albert Hall at 7 o'clock on May 2nd, with Solomon as the soloist. Maud Duchess of Wellington and Lady Middleton are on the committee; Lady Aberdare, Mrs. Emsley Carr, Mrs. Gordon Moore and Mrs. Warren Pearl are vice-presidents; Lady Anne Rhys deputy chairman and Lady Doverdale vice-chairman. Mrs. Madge Clarke is the organiser, and tickets, which range from 25 guineas (for grand-tier boxes) to 3s. 6d., may be obtained from her office, 79, Davies Street, Mayfair, W.1.



Archbishop Opens Hostel

A hostel organised by the Catholic Women's League Huts and Canteens Committee was opened in London by the Archbishop of Westminster (right). With him are Lady Rendel, chairman of the Committee, and Lord Sempill, who presided



Married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Capt. G. Hearn, The Somerset Light Infantry, son of the Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Hearn, of Warminster, and the Hon. Kathleen O'Grady, daughter of the late 6th Viscount Guillomore and Viscountess Guillomore, were married this month



Children's Hour in a Cairo Garden

This picture of Lady Killern, wife of the British Ambassador in Egypt, and her children, Victor and Jacquetta Lampson, was taken in the gardens of the British Embassy in Cairo. Lady Killern arrived recently in London. Her visit is largely connected with Red Cross matters



The Hon. Mrs. Casey and Her Family

The wife of Lt.-Col. Alan Stuart Casey is the eldest daughter of Lord Monsell, of Dumbleton Hall, Worcester. Her husband, formerly in The Royal Dragoons, returned to the Army in 1939. Their children are Anna, Bridget, Susan and Michael



The Start of the Cheltenham Gold Cup, with a Record Field



The First Fence: Schubert Leads



Capt. Wingate, inspector of jumps, has a word with Major K. Robertson, the starter



Mrs. Victor Bruce is the owner of Birthlaw, who ran in the Lydney Handicap Hurdle

Gold Cup Day at Cheltenham

Lord Stalbridge's Red Rower Creates a New Record in the Big Race



Major and Mrs. Bethune Taylor and Miss June Cooper consulted their race cards



Capt. Calvert and Sir Lionel Darell



Mrs. Shennan and Lord Ashton of Hyde



Miss E. Nelson and Major P. M. Nelson



from *Paladin and Red Prince*



Farther West is First Over the Water, Followed by Red Rower

● A very popular win was that of Red Rower, owned and trained by Lord Stalbridge, in this year's Gold Cup, in the record time of 6 min. 16½ sec. This was the horse's third attempt in the Gold Cup—he finished third to Poet Prince in 1941, and the following year was second to Medoc II. Mrs. K. Cameron's Schubert and Mr. R. A. Holbech's Paladin were second and third to Red Rower



Miss Diana Napier, Lt. Napier, Mr. John Douglas and Lt.-Cdr. T. G. Nelson were together



*Lord Stalbridge's Red Rower is led in after the race. The horse—by *Rameses II.* out of *Red Maru*—was ridden by *D. L. Jones**



Lt. J. G. Thorneloe and Miss H. Studd



Mrs. J. Maxwell, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. B. J. Fowler and Mrs. M. Clark

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CHOOSING a new City Chamberlain in May will give the Guildhall boys some trouble, we dare aver. Candidates for this very ancient office must be tall and attractive, to match the uniform, and of irreproachable honour. The City is crawling with types of this kind.

The most famous City Chamberlain in history is undoubtedly John Wilkes, M.P., who put down the Gordon Riots just in time and never took a penny off the rate-payers beyond his lawful income and pickings. Possessing charm, though lewd and far from handsome, Mr. Wilkes loved his scarlet Chamberlain's uniform and glossy kneeboots and cocked hat, and was rarely out of this costume during his fifteen years of office, walking every day resplendent from his house at Prince's Gate, Kensington, through Piccadilly and Long Acre into the City, deaf to the hackney-coachmen's respectful cries of "Coach, yer honour?" Why does this squinting and satanic figure haunt us so vividly at the moment? Because we trust and believe all City Chamberlains would display equal self-sacrifice in a crisis. Having been for years the chouchou and idol of democracy, Mr. Wilkes did not hesitate to call on the troops when Demos began burning London, and numbers of his fiercest supporters were shot or hanged.

This ended his popularity for ever, but not his cynical grin.

Afterthought

IF we were a City Liveryman on election day we'd look at their chins, though this is not always a criterion.

"You, Sir—is that your chin?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What's its name?"

"Chatsworth."

Chatsworth might be square and imposing enough, but under his collar the candidate might have tucked away Rover, Seaview, Mon Repos, Pongo, and a couple more chins of quite despicable weakness. The Prince Regent could tuck about eight of these away under his voluminous neckcloths. Which only shows.

Grue

A CHAP describing present conditions in the outlying districts of Paris made no mention of whether the scenery in the Park at Versailles is still behaving in the peculiar way it used to.

As all Versailles residents know, like every reader of that fascinating little book, *An Adventure*, there is plenty of sober evidence



"This is my cousin Egbert—you've heard me mention his moustache"

that at intervals the scenery of the Park quivers and goes suddenly flat and one-dimensional like a stage-set, and the atmosphere becomes unbearably oppressive, electric and menacing. Stringed music is faintly heard, buildings destroyed 150 years ago waver into the field of vision and disappear again, and Marie-Antoinette herself is sometimes seen at the Grand Trianon in broad daylight, generally sketching. A chap who once lived in the Rue Maurepas, overlooking the Park, often experienced that overwhelming sensation of misery and foreboding, and once heard six bars of the music, told us these manifestations have happened far more rarely since the politicians were at Versailles botching up the well-known treaty which doomed Europe to World War II. Maybe the greater tragedy has weakened or even dispelled the lesser? It will be interesting to know.

A flat in the Rue Maurepas, a strong nerve, a few all-night sessions in the Park, chosen by the almanack and embracing the tiny village called the Hameau, where the Queen was seen in the 1900's making butter in the dairy, a portable dictaphone, and a quart flask full of vintage Armagnac would be the thing. Why the dictaphone? Because the ghosts of Versailles sometimes speak to you.

Pribbleprable

NOTHING smells worse than a decayed lily, and therefore nothing is sillier than a silly Celt; and the silliest of all the Celts are those who have been recently prattling about replacing the Welch leek by the daffodil as the national emblem.

We feel so shamed for our kinsmen that the sight of the Arch-druid would make us sick right at this moment—and where does that potentate stand in this business, anyway? If anything is to take the leek's place, it should obviously be a chunk of mistletoe, the sacred plant of the Druid boys, the plant under which the

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"Excuse me—my name is Wilson—I'm getting out a little book on edible fungi"



Fred Daniels

New Love-Team

Stars of "I Know Where I'm Going"

Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey are co-starring for the first time in the new Michael Powell—Emeric Pressburger production *I Know Where I'm Going*. Wendy has the role of a young girl from the Midlands who, on her way to marry a rich man living in the Hebrides, is forced by storm to spend some days on the Island of Mull, where she meets and falls in love with a young naval officer (Roger Livesey). Although already well known to all film lovers, this is, in fact, only Miss Hiller's third film; her first was *Pygmalion*, her second *Major Barbara*. It provides Roger Livesey with his second starring role; his first, in which he created a great impression, being *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Gorsedd, if it had the courage of a marsh-tigget, would yearly sacrifice women to its gods in wicker baskets with huge sacrificial knives—Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Rhys, next fictim please, look lively now whatever, cootness cracious how she pleeds! But the Gorsedd lacks the nerve, the mild pastors composing it preferring to traipse round in the green nighties designed by Von Herkomer, looking hot and self-conscious. We should personally sack the lot and employ a gang of Druids with the courage of their convictions; tough hairy bandy lads with thick choleric eyebrows and the melodious Welch gift of cursing frightfully in a recitative or *mélopée*, with the exquisite "dying fall" of a plainsong chant. Accompanying each of them in their work would be a bard singing impromptu *penillion* to the harp.

The Red Mist of Iolo ap Grwffchwrdd
Is before my ravished eyes
As Rev. Evans rips up Mrs. Watkins—
Or is it that fat girl, Blodwen Owen? ...

Daffodils! Cot safe us all.

Wiggery

EVERY girl who loves a lawyer—and who doesn't?—will be glad to know that Whistler's famous nocturne "Battersea Bridge" is to be included in an early post-war exhibition of American art at the Tate.

It was this nocturne, cropping up during Whistler's action for libel in 1878 against Ruskin for calling him a coxcomb, which inspired two leading British lawyers to unprecedented heights of cretinism. E.g.:

WITNESS: That is Mr. Grahame's [the owner's] picture. It represents Battersea Bridge by moonlight.

JUDGE (BARON HUDDLESTON): Which part of the picture is the bridge? (Laughter.)

The Attorney-General, Sir John Holker, rang the bell and won the fancy vase when he later addressed the jury on Ruskin's behalf:

... Let us examine the nocturne in blue and silver, said to represent Battersea Bridge. What is that structure in the middle? Is it a telescope or a fire-escape? Is it like Battersea Bridge? What are the figures at the top of the bridge? If they are horses and carts, how in the name of fortune are they to get off?

Damages, one farthing, which served Whistler right for not painting pictures lawyers can understand, such as studies of pussycats and doggies and big snorting stags. Though you never know. Some day Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" itself may come into the courts, and the lawyers will be sorely puzzled again.

What are those things on its head?—Antlers.

Shouldn't it be wearing a hat?—No.

Why not?—Stags don't wear hats.

I put it to you that it is not a stag but a well-known lady of title (etc., etc.).

Art, art, what a heartbreak you are.

Note

ACCORDING to a banking authority, the life of a £1 note today is about 19½ months, which is longer than seems possible when you handle one.

Despite the assurance of economists and bankers that a piece of dirty crumpled paper equals a pound sterling, we often view the flimsy, dubious money of our flimsy, dubious age with the gravest misgivings. How different from the jolly clinking solid gold money your Edwardian grandfather used to flip round! Last week we saw in a glass case one of the delightful receptacles the Edwardians kept their sovereigns and half-sovereigns in, hung at their fobs—a kind of



"So you haven't left your post at all, eh?"

flattened golden golfball, with a neat spring inside, releasing one coin at a time. Have you ever seen the gold the Edwardians used? Those beautiful red-gold discs showed St. George killing the Dragon on one side and Edward the Peacemaker thinking of the St. Leger on the other. When the Edwardians bribed a journalist the half-sovereign concerned sealed a solid transaction and meant value for money. We're personally half ashamed to take the shoddy ten-shilling note rich women's butlers slip us nowadays. As the aesthete chap says in one of Disraeli's novels, with a shudder, "Banknotes, so thin, so cold! They give me the ague!"

Footnote

THE cleaner and newer those packets of modern notes are, incidentally, the less convincing they seem. To a chap at the Bank of England we once put it bluntly that such conversations as this are probably rife in Threadneedle Street during the rush hours:

"Is there an odd packet of 'ones' knocking round the floor, by any chance, Faughaghton?"

"Why?"

"Well, it's Baby's twenty-first birthday."

"I can't spare any of these. Ring up the printer."

He said this was unlikely, because nobody at the Bank of England would ever know a girl named Baby.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I've told you before, Colonel Farquhar, I'm not ticklish"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Major Sir Desmond Morton, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., Croix de Guerre

Sir Desmond Morton, a personal friend of Mr. Churchill's for the last thirty years, has been the Prime Minister's Personal Assistant since 1940. An old Etonian and a soldier by profession, at the end of the last war Sir Desmond, then a captain, was on the staff of Field-Marshal Earl Haig, where he made his mark as intelligence officer and linguist. He speaks excellent French, German, Italian and a certain amount of Russian, and has a working knowledge of several other languages. After the war he was seconded to the Foreign Office, being transferred to the Department of Overseas Trade in 1936. There he planned the Ministry of Economic Warfare—in the days which were still those of appeasement. Like most members of the secretariat at 10, Downing Street, Sir Desmond works extremely long hours, and his days of relaxation are spent at his fourteenth-century cottage near Crockham Hill, within easy reach of his renowned garden, Chartwell. An expert on flowering shrubs, he has given his name to a number of new species

Love Will Find a Way

Evelyn Laye in the Most Romantic Play
with Music in Town



Young Katherine Sheridan (Evelyn Laye) is premiere danseuse at the old Alhambra. The world is at her feet; and her chaperon (Madoline Thomas), her agent (Fred Berger) and his son, John Brunner (Charles Goldner), are horrified when she turns down a contract to dance in Paris because of her engagement to the Hon. Richard Wessex

● After a very successful provincial tour, *Three Walzes* is now at the Princes Theatre. In it, Evelyn Laye, playing her first straight role, appears opposite Esmond Knight. Together they tell the story of three generations of lovers—Victorian Katherine, ballerina at the old Alhambra, and her lover, the Hon. Richard Wessex; Edwardian Katie, darling of Daly's, and her lover, Dickie Wessex; and modern Kay, Hollywood film-star, and Dick Wessex, with whom she falls in love and lives happily ever after. It is the old story of love will find a way even if it takes three generations to do it. Evelyn Laye is as lovely as ever, she sings enchantingly, and together she and Esmond Knight make as romantic a team as has been seen for many a long day

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Katie, spending a few weeks in the country with friends of Dickie's before her marriage, finds society life a dull affair. Dickie's preoccupation with fishing, and the round of vicarage parties and garden fetes which she is expected to attend, are new experiences for her (Esmond Knight, Evelyn Laye)



Katherine is visited by Richard's aunt, Caroline Duchess of Dornay (Grace Lane). Lady Dornay makes Katherine realise for the first time what marriage with an actress will mean to Richard and his career in the Blues



John Brunner has persuaded Katie to return to Daly's for the performance which the King has promised to attend. Her voice is more beautiful than ever, and she is congratulated by The Gov'nor, George Edwardes (Fred Groves)



Richard (Esmond Knight) watches from the window of Katherine's apartment the march-past of the Blues. Unseen by him, Brunner urges Katherine to change her mind and sign the Paris contract. Realising that Richard's military career must be sacrificed to marriage, Katherine decides that she must renounce her love



Katherine is dead, but Katie, her daughter, lives. Katie is the darling of Daly's, her oldest friend the John Brunner who persuaded her mother to sign the Paris contract. History repeats itself, and following in her mother's footsteps, Katie announces her intention of giving up her career in order to marry Dickie Wessex, son of the Hon. Richard Wessex (Evelyn Laye, Charles Goldner, Bernard Ansell)



Kay, the third generation of Sheridans, is a film-star. The Wessex in her life is Dick, son of Dickie, grandson of Richard, who comes to the studio, a totally inexperienced newcomer to films, is given a part because of his title, and, in the family tradition, falls in love



Dick finds inspiration when he realises that Kay returns his love, and his acting, formerly the despair of the company, is vitalised by genuine emotion. To the studio it is a miracle, but to John Brunner, now a very old man, it is the hand of Fate (Esmond Knight, Evelyn Laye, Bruce Winston, Charles Goldner, Fred Groves)



Miss Gillian Edgar, W.R.N.S., is a daughter of S/Ldr. and Mrs. Gilbert Edgar, of Packwood Hall, Lاپworth, Warwickshire, and a great-niece of Viscount Samuel. She has a sister serving abroad in the F.A.N.Y.



Miss Daphne Oldham, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Oldham, of Sunningdale, has been working as a V.A.D. at a convalescent home in the country for the last three years. Her brother, Capt. David Oldham, Seaforth Highlanders, married Miss Penelope Royle last year.



Miss Sheila Parish, member of the F.A.N.Y., is the second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Francis W. Parish, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton, Somerset, and a great-granddaughter of the late Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister.

Women in the War

Photographs by Fayer,
Yvonne Gregory,
Harlip and Hay
Wrightson



Miss Elisabeth Moncrieffe is a Petty Officer in the W.R.N.S. She is the only daughter of the late Cdr. Sir J. R. G. Moncrieffe, Bt., R.N., and Lady Moncrieffe, and sister of Lt. Sir David Moncrieffe. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. John Balli, of Paris.



Mrs. E. C. T. Wilson is the wife of Major E. C. T. Wilson, V.C., who is at present serving in Burma. She is at daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Pleydell-Bouverie, of Westward Ho. She has served in the W.R.N.S. for over three years.



Miss Sheena Garnar, who is a cousin of Mrs. Wilson, is also serving in the W.R.N.S., and joined the service in 1943. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Garnar, of Wrotham, Kent.



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
MARCH 28, 1945

London Hospital Rugby Players

P. K. Ledger, former Cambridge Rugby forward; J. A. Dew, former Cambridge cricketer and Rugby forward; and B. R. J. Simpson, former Cambridge athlete, are now members of the London Hospital Rugby team

Playing for St. Mary's Hospital

In the St. Mary's Hospital Rugby team are A. Venneker, a South African forward; N. M. Hall and C. H. Ewart. Hall is one of the outstanding Rugby "discoveries" of the war

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

How They Bet?

OR don't bet, for there is no real weight in the market on the first four classics. It may be of service to those who are not on the spot, but I hope may soon be, just to run over the record of quotations since the beginning of the year, when things began to take some sort of shape; so here goes:

January 15th. *One Thousand*: 4 to 1 Isle of Capri, 6 to 1 each Neola and Sun Stream, 7 to 1 Happy Grace, 8 to 1 Golden Girl. *Two Thousand*: 3 to 1 Dante, 10 to 1 each Court Martial and Tornadic Colt, 14 to 1 Orsino, 16 to 1 each Chamossaire and High Peak. *The Oaks*: 6 to 1 each Sun Stream and Sweet Cygnet, 8 to 1 Happy Grace, 10 to 1 Golden Girl. *The Derby*: 6 to 1 Dante, 10 to 1 Tornadic Colt, 12 to 1 Court Martial, 14 to 1 each High Peak and Paper Weight, 16 to 1 Chamossaire.

February 5th. *One Thousand*: 5 to 1 Isle of Capri, 6 to 1 Neola, 7 to 1 Sun Stream, 8 to 1 each Happy Grace and Golden Girl. *Two Thousand*: 3 to 1 Dante, 8 to 1 Court Martial, 12 to 1 Tornadic Colt, others unchanged. *The Oaks*: 6 to 1 Sweet Cygnet, 7 to 1 Sun Stream, 10 to 1 Happy Grace, 12 to 1 Golden Girl. *The Derby*: 7 to 1 Dante, 12 to 1 each Tornadic Colt and Court Martial, 16 to 1 each Chamossaire, High Peak, Paper Weight and Orsino. 33 to 1 Sun Stream (first quotation).

February 26th. *One Thousand*: 5 to 1 Isle of Capri, 6 to 1 each Neola and Sun Stream, rest no change. *Two Thousand*: 5 to 2 Dante (no notable change the rest). *The Oaks*: No change. *The Derby*: No change.

March 5th. *One Thousand*: No material change. *Two Thousand*: 9 to 4 Dante (5 to 2 taken), 7 to 1 Court Martial, 100 to 8 Tornadic

Colt, 100 to 6 Chamossaire (o.), 20 to 1 each Fordham and High Peak (t. and o.). *The Oaks*: No change. *The Derby*: 15 to 2 Dante (o., 8 to 1 t.), 100 to 8 Tornadic Colt (o., 13 to 1 t.), 100 to 8 Court Martial (o.), 100 to 6 Paper Weight (o.), 20 to 1 High Peak (o., 22 to 1 t.).

March 12th. *One Thousand*: 7 to 2 Isle of Capri, 6 to 1 Sun Stream, 7 to 1 Neola (no other important change). *Two Thousand*: 9 to 4 Dante, 12 to 1 Tornadic Colt. *The Oaks*: No change. *The Derby*: 7 to 1 Dante, 12 to 1 Tornadic Colt, 14 to 1 Court Martial, 16 to 1 Paper Weight, 20 to 1 each Chamossaire and High Peak, 50 to 1 Sun Stream, which means that the Ring is certain that she will not run.

These figures say almost everything. They mean that the Ring is certain that Dante will win the Guineas, an opinion which I share; but that his chance is doubtful where the Derby is concerned. The Ring is taking no chances. The picture is very non-committal.

"Hands" Wanted—Badly!

THERE is a widely-held belief that when "hands" are spoken of they refer exclusively to that important department of the art of equitation connected with the knowledge of pulling (or not pulling) the reins, and that the expression should be used only by the ultra-horsy. Nothing could be much further away from the truth. "Hands" are intimately

(Continued on page 404)



Capt. B. Goor, 60th Rifles, watched the Dundrum 'Chase with Miss Myra Sweetman. He is the son of the Belgian Minister to Eire



Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., a former Master of the Meath, Tipperary and Kildare Hounds, was at Leopardstown with Lady Ainsworth



Miss Dorothy Pearson, the well-known golfer, is also a racing enthusiast. She was English Lady Golf Champion in 1933



A brother and sister watching the Leopardstown 'Chase together were Lt. D. Lloyd Thomas, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Richard Cavendish

Racegoers at a Recent Leopardstown, Dublin, Meeting

Poole, Dublin

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

connected with animal magnetism. It has something to do with radio activity, and, no doubt, when the wireless expert looks behind the next door he will be able to tell us a lot more than we know at this moment. Why is it that some people, without doing anything in particular or saying a single word, set the jangling nerves of a whole lot of other people completely at rest? Why is the converse equally true? Why do some dogs, marked down as "dangerous," wag their tails when some people merely look at them? Why does a horse know that a man, who is proposing to get on him, is afraid of him even before the equestrian has so much as put a hand on him? Why, again, is the converse true, and an animal, showing every sign of intending to behave in a thoroughly vulgar manner, change as if by magic? Why is it quite unsafe for some people to go near a pack of hounds in kennel, whilst they swarm all over some other chap and nearly knock him over with their boisterous and affectionate caresses? Why will some people persist in jamming on the rudder while the blades are in the water? Why do some people turn themselves into what Kipling called so aptly "the 'aughty 'unt" (the disdainful camel) the moment A. speaks to them, and are so easy to handle when B. does?

We have a recent example before our very eyes. He never would have stuck his toes in the ground like this if there had been a pair of first-class hands on the other end of the strings. There would be no wars if everyone in the world possessed "hands"; the "clinks" would be let for cinemas; the Flatties would be out of work, and the Serjeant-at-Arms would have to find some more peaceful job, like that of a night-watchman. How easily things would go if only people could be persuaded to learn how to ride as if there was no bridle and no bit. So many horses go so much better that way!

A Steeplechasing Record

To have owned and trained the winners of the principal 'Chase (the Grand National) run before the axe descended on wartime jumping, and the winner of the most important 'Chase after the restart this season, is a record achievement, and it has been brought off by the very person whom, I feel sure, most of us would have selected if the choice had been



Three Who Will Play Cricket for Cambridge Next Season

D. M. Haynes will captain the Cambridge University Cricket XI. when the season opens; C. L. Lewis-Barelay is the secretary; and P. E. Bodkin was an outstanding all-rounder in last year's Cambridge team



A Well-Known Golfing Couple

Capt. H. B. Andreae, R.A.; and his wife are both noted golfers. He has a handicap of 3, and played in the Boys' Championship, and Mrs. Andreae, with a handicap of 4, played for Middlesex and in both the "Bystander" Girls' Championship and the Women's Close Championship. They have one daughter

open to us. Lord Stalbridge has a trainer's licence, but he is, in fact, an amateur—a very distinguished one, it is true, but still an amateur. When Bogskar won the National in 1940 in 9 min. 20½ sec., his time was only the fractions slower than Golden Miller's in 1934, though it must be borne in mind that whereas Golden Miller carried 12 st. 2 lb., Bogskar had only 10 st. 4 lb. Now Red Rower has smashed Golden Miller's record for the 3 miles of the Cheltenham Gold Cup course to smithereens. Golden Miller won in 6 min. 30 sec. in 1935: Red Rower in 6 min. 16½ sec.; same weights and he won easily from the good and honest Schubert. How good some things look till you see something better! I am honestly glad to have dropped my pennies, and thus won the chance to write this paragraph and congratulate the former Master of the Fernie and the South and West Wilts, and I hope that his Red Rower will get the chance to win

him his second Grand National—next year?

The Irish Grand National

THE weights for the big 'chase at Fairyhouse on April 2nd, run over 3½ miles of Meath grass, which can become very holding if it gets a heavy ration of Irish rain, naturally hold only an academic place in our interest at the moment, since none of these horses trained in Ireland can come over here so long as the war in Europe persists. Prince Regent naturally got top weight again (12 st. 7 lb.), his next astern, St. Martin, 10 st. 9 lb., and at first glance I should say that we need not worry ourselves very much about any other one, though the lightly-weighted Heirdom, 9 st. 7 lb., who jumps so well, might interest anyone fond of a flutter, for he beat Prince Regent in the Leopardstown Handicap 'Chase in 1943 (3 miles 300 yards in a quagmire). In last year's race at Fairyhouse on April 10th, Knight's Crest, 9 st. 7 lb., who was also getting 3 st., beat Prince Regent a length in heavy going; so you never know, for weight will tell! As for St. Martin, a very nice type of Irish 'chaser, if he is back at his best, I rate him better than Golden Jack, who, getting 2 st. 4 lb., beat Prince Regent in the Irish Grand National of 1943. St. Martin was giving Golden Jack 5 lb. in the race of 1942 and was a good third to him, Prince Regent winning in the heaviest mud within living Irish memory. Prince Regent was then giving Golden Jack 12 lb. and St. Martin 7 lb. The latter has not been in the limelight recently, but it is a good old rule never to forget a horse's best form. This year he is meeting Prince Regent on enormously better terms; 7 lb. last time, 1 st. 12 lb. this time!



The Christ Church, Oxford, Dramatic Society Present an Ibsen Play

Ibsen's "Wild Duck" is the first play presented by the Christ Church Dramatic Society since "The Unquiet Spirit" (1942), and the first to be presented in the famous Upper Library since Marlowe's "Edward II." in 1933. The producers were Sidney Hoffman and David Luke, and sets were designed by John Walton. Above is the cast: (sitting) Mary Lees, Sidney Hoffman, Pamela Jackson, John Gardiner, Janet Newman, Sandy Grant, David Luke; (standing) Kenneth Haines, Edward Bell, Anthony Kinch, Donald Anderton, Neville Labovitch, Douglas Miller

On Active Service

Right, front row: S/Ldr. W. C. Armstrong, S/O. J. M. Renaut, F/O. D. Sloan, W/Cdr. J. Mutch, G/Capt. F. H. Coleman, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. A. Cullen, O.B.E., T.D., S/O. J. Shepherd, S/O. P. Hopkinson, S/Ldr. P. H. Hunter. Middle row: F/Lts. R. G. Heath, J. R. Bell, S. Duff, B. L. Harrington, S/Ldr. A. G. W. King, F/Lt. D. H. Bacon, S/Ldr. B. A. E. Harley, S/Ldr. D. R. Anderson, F/Lt. L. C. Sykes. Back row: F/Lt. B. W. Gunn, F/O.s H. Mackay, C. G. Noble, T. K. Campbell, G. Nightingale, W. H. Holton, F/Lt. W. J. H. Gold, F/O. C. B. Moxham, F/O. R. W. W. Brown, F/Lt. G. W. Templeton



Officers of a R.A.F. Station in the North

D. R. Stuart

Right, front row: Capt. (Q.M.) R. C. E. Mines, M.B.E., Major H. B. H. Waring, Major H. P. Towers Minors, Capt. D. S. Scull (Adj.), the Commanding Officer, Major D. H. Gwilliam, Major H. N. Raisin, Capt. S. F. H. Glynn, Capt. R. T. Hird. Middle row: Lt. R. S. McCleary, Capt. G. A. Batsford, Lt. W. C. G. Allen, Capt. L. F. Demetrius (R.A.M.C.), the Rev. A. E. Beaumont, R.A.Ch.D., Capt. W. H. Tennant, Capt. G. T. Newman, Lt. C. B. Roberts, Lt. E. L. Westcott, Capt. R. J. Galilee, M.C. Back row: Lts. S. F. G. Hall, A. H. Matthews, F. A. Jordan, J. O. Carse, D. J. McLelland, L. H. G. Stamp, T. V. Upton, C. G. Hale, C. M. King, Capt. E. A. MacFarland, Capt. J. H. Venn Dunn



Officers of a Battalion of The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment



A Group of Chaplains Serving with the Commandos

Sitting: Revs. H. Kennen, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., J. Armstrong, O.B.E., R.N. (Senior Chaplain), R. Haw, R.N.V.R. Standing: Revs. M. A. P. Wood, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., A. Drake, C.F., A. Gordon, C.F., T. O. Sturdy, C.F., A. R. Thornley, R.N.V.R.

Right, front row: Capt. J. B. Ainsworth, M.M., Capt. W. M. Piercy, Major J. F. Meakin, Capt. C. C. Organ, Major J. B. Williams, T.D., Major A. C. Hammond, Capt. A. D. Owen Evans, Capt. G. A. L. Tucker. Middle row: Lt. J. Cumming, Capt. S. Evans, A. A. Williams, A. R. R. Bower, T. Colclough, Sub. P. Roch (A.T.S.), Lt. R. H. Johnson, Capt. G. D. Andrew, Lts. S. R. G. Hart, B. J. Wells, W. G. Wheatcroft. Back row: Lt. H. W. T. Godby, Lt. R. A. E. Stiff, Capt. D. R. Brown, Lts. H. J. C. Rainbird, F. W. Morgan, W. Rankin, G. H. Simpson, J. E. Troughton (R.A.M.C.), C. T. Christie



Officers of a Garrison Regiment (The Welch Regiment)

Stearn

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Miss Ham

Most women talk their autobiographies. Few have had the patience to write them. This may be due to modesty, discretion or shyness. More probably it is because their sex has a notable dislike for direct expression, except in intimate conversation. In this field few men would be so bold as to challenge their supremacy." So opens the Introduction to *Elizabeth Ham*, by Herself (Faber and Faber; ros. 6d.), and so speaks Eric Gillett, to whom we are much indebted. Mr. Gillett has edited and given to us Miss Ham's delightful autobiography. Arguably, she also is in his debt; for by his work he is likely to gain for her more and better friends than she had in life.

Who was Elizabeth Ham? Exactly what she tells us, and nothing more—Mr. Gillett's research, he says, has been able to turn up few further facts. She was born in the Somerset village of North Perrott in 1783. She was "the child of respectable parents, respectably descended from that class of Yeoman and small Proprietors, of which there are now so few specimens left, who kept their own place in society, were in habits of intimacy with the Clergyman and Gentry, dined often at the Squire's, and entertained him once a year or so." During the years her autobiography covers—roughly, the last fifteen of the eighteenth century, then the first twenty of the nineteenth—she lived in the part of England Thomas Hardy called Wessex, and in Ireland, and twice visited Guernsey. I must say that the Hams moved house so often, and that Elizabeth herself paid such lengthy visits, that it becomes difficult to distinguish between where she was staying and where she lived. In 1849, when she was in her sixty-seventh year, she sat down to write her autobiography, with which she was still busy in 1852. The work was intended for publication. She was already "in print"—in 1845 had appeared her three-volume novel *The Ford Family in Ireland*; and, twenty-four years before that, her *Infant's Grammar*.

Round about 1820 we leave her still unmarried; and unlikely, we fear, ever now to change her romantic surname.

"A Merry Set"

ELIZABETH HAM is interesting for two reasons. She is in many ways typical of her class and time; and she has puzzling, engaging traits of her own. Her accounts of the life she led—from year to year, sometimes from day to day—make excellent "background" stuff for her period. We think of the past too much, inevitably, in terms of its exceptional people; we do not know enough of ordinary lives. Elizabeth Ham lived an "ordinary" life.

But did she? Her life did not seem ordinary to herself—whose does? And she has left on record her own sense that whatever happened to her was extraordinary. She shows—given the fact that she is writing in old age—a phenomenal memory for the events of her youth. Still more does she remember, with almost painful clearness, what it felt like to be young; and, later, to be not so young as you were.

Elizabeth Ham, her younger sisters, and the bevy of girl-friends who accumulated wherever she set her foot, were full-time good-timers. "A merry set" is her summary of one new group she meets; but almost every set in which she moved was merry. Merriest in Ireland (Carlow, then Connaught), but exceedingly merry in and around Weymouth, with its summer seasons glorified by the visits of George III. and his family. Least merry in Guernsey, which appeared to be populated almost entirely by engaged couples—lagging after one couple down the green stuffy island lanes was Elizabeth's only chance to air her smart, feathered hat.

She was fortunate in living at a time when almost every small town in England and Ireland had become a garrison town. During Royal visits to Weymouth she also met the Navy. She arrived, with the rest of her family,



Yvonne Gregory

Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., wife of Capt. Ivan Colvin, R.N., is chairman and organiser of the Royal Naval War Libraries, the only voluntary organisation of this kind working directly under the Admiralty. Her husband runs the "Admiralty Courier." Mrs. Colvin was Miss Joy Arbuthnot before her marriage

in Ireland only a few years after the '98 Rebellion; and the Hams, on their move to Connaught, took up residence not far from Killala Bay, the scene of the French landing and the ruined high hopes of Wolfe Tone. The South Cork Militia were now watchfully stationed at Ballina.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I WISH I had had the sense to keep an anthology of all the

art, literature, humour (even snapshots) which at certain periods had once appealed to me irresistibly. What an amusing library it would be to-day. And what an instructive one too—if to know thyself be the sure foundation of wisdom. Of course, each item of this anthology would have to be purely personal. Not an accumulation of what I had been told to honour, admire or laugh at. Thus, once-loved extracts from, say, Ella Wheeler Wilcox would lead by stages to my appreciation of Shakespeare, and I might have had to paste in reproductions of Marcus Stone and Alma-Tadema before I arrived eventually at the Impressionists or learned to love the work of the Dutch and early Italian schools.

It would, of course, be a library of completely heterogeneous volumes. An amazingly inept family group would rub shoulders with a Correggio; lines from Pope in juxtaposition to passages from *Punch*; wisdom of the Ancients tumbling over wit from the Law Courts. And if, presupposing an unnatural erudition, there were photographs of These I Have Loved but Escaped as well, it would all add to the inner amazement of a non-agenarian's quiet retrospection. For few things are quite so astonishing as a mental survey of These I Have Loved! I will confess that it is not always a question of the stepping-stones of our dead selves to reach a finer goal, but undoubtedly it is a fact that often these same stepping-stones eventually lead us to most unexpected bournes. How we got there we have only the vaguest notion. The steps, as we took them, were at all times imperceptible. And this applies to our mental and spiritual life just as much as it does to our purely physical and worldly one.

If only a man or a woman could be found who had kept a diary—

a real diary, that is, not a mere chronicle of events—and illustrated it with pictures and photographs, peppering it with quotations, such a volume would be among the most enthralling ever composed. Only, of course, it would have to be relentlessly honest all the time. And that is a thing usually beyond the courage of human nature. In slangy parlance, we have to keep our real selves under our hats. And rarely dare we lift them lest, metaphorically speaking, we catch a fatal chill.

Nevertheless, if any one of us could have compiled from the beginning a series of volumes entitled "These We Have Loved or Laughed At," there would be stored up for later life hours more entertaining and illuminating than almost any event that that twilight decadence is ever likely to offer. In a material sense, we are always too inclined to throw away the more valuable souvenirs. Too often the leit-motif of middle-age is a series of regrets that we cannot remember this, have not kept that, hadn't thrown away the other. And in a psychological sense it might be equally valuable. For we are all apt to forget just what we want to forget; but if we had a personal library of proofs which would help us to remember, there might not be so many elderly people about stalking on symbolical platforms inferring that they were, so to speak, born to that elevation.

Speaking personally, I have always a sneaking affection for my past vices. I don't mean merely moral vices, but vices of taste, appreciation, understanding. They help me to retell the tale, and so to gain a glimmer of that design which can so easily escape us as we review the past.

What was the Matter?

WHAT was the shadow that crept between our Elizabeth and the merriment round her? Increasing age, loss of looks, loss of gusto, conspicuous failure to make a match? No; there had been something there from the first. She had been a lively rather than happy child. Pleasing Mr. Onesiphorous Wang, who tickled her and married her grown-up cousin, only temporarily broke down the méfiance she felt for the other sex. In her teens and early twenties she got on well with young men, and seems to have been left out of no parties. She was clever with clothes; and had, clearly, decided "style." Yet she received no proposal of marriage till she was middle-aged—and then it was from a black-bearded Mr. Edwards, who had from the start behaved so oddly that she did not know whether to take him seriously or not. Were her looks unpleasing? She tells us she had weak eyes; and mentions that, during one flighty summer in Weymouth, she had a fever that made all her hair fall out. As she does not, however, further refer to baldness, I fancy the hair must have grown again.

No; the matter was that Elizabeth had discovered, in advance of her time, our now old friend the inferiority complex.

(Concluded on page 408)

Mothers and Children



Compton Collier

Lady Frankland, widow of the Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland, Bt., is seen with her sons. The two elder boys are the children of her first marriage, to the Hon. Keith Rous, and the youngest, James Frankland, was born in 1943. Her husband, elder son of the late Sir Frederick Frankland and Baroness Zouche, was killed in an accident last year



Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Barker is the second daughter of the late Lord Kysant. She and her son, Timothy, with their dog, Appleblossom, were photographed at their home, The Long House, Cowfold, Sussex. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Peter Barker, R.A., is serving abroad with the B.L.A.



Mrs. George Batters has two daughters: Anne, aged eight, and Jane, who is two years younger. Mrs. Batters is the daughter of Sir Ralph Mortimer, O.B.E., of Milbourne Hall, Northumberland, and her husband is Divisional Officer (Ministry of Supply) in charge of timber production in the North of England



Compton Collier

Mrs. Richard Yorke, who is a sister of Mrs. George Batters, is living at present with her son, Mark, at the home of her parents, Sir Ralph and Lady Mortimer, in Northumberland. She is the wife of Major R. H. Yorke, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, who has been a prisoner of war since 1941

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

racing under both rules, was one of the first people I saw, with her cousin, the Hon. Sheila Digby. The Marchioness of Cambridge, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, was chatting to Mrs. Hugo Brassey before the first race. Mrs. Brassey was in navy blue with touches of white, as was Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the tall second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who is shortly going to work in the liberated countries with the St. John welfare workers. Those two tall sisters Lady Lettice Cotterell and Lady Sibell Rowley were together, greeting friends at the bottom of the stands. Lady Lettice had motored over with her husband, Sir Richard Cotterell, who had just arrived home on leave from overseas. The Countess of Dudley, dressed all in brown, was walking round with Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall and Mrs. Michael Asquith. Mrs. Anthony Bellville, looking very springlike in a light grey suit with a little pink cap, was accompanied by a tall schoolgirl daughter in a cherry-red suit; Mrs. Towers-Clark was accompanied by her very pretty daughter, who is in the W.R.N.S.; Mrs. John Thomson, looking very nice in blue, was being consoled with on having to scratch her good horse Roi d'Egypte out of the Gold Cup at the last moment; Lord Westmorland, in his usual scintillating form, was sharing a joke with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blagrove; and Major "Fruity" and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were entertaining some American officers. The Earl of Fingall, a brilliant G.R. in pre-war days, was sitting in the sun in the paddock with Capt. Geoffrey Brooke watching the horses parade, and Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the latter looking very attractive in a lovely shade of tomato red, were watching a race with Major Maurice Kingscote.



A Recent Christening in Buckinghamshire

Nicholas John, baby son of Lt.-Cdr. John Scotland, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Scotland, was christened at St. Mary's Church, Denham. He is a grandson of Capt. and Mrs. Scotland and of the late Admiral Sir Studholme Brownrigg and Lady Brownrigg. This group shows the godparents, Mrs. Scotland, Sub. Judy Bacon, Mrs. Carr and Lady Brownrigg with Mrs. John Scotland and her children after the ceremony

More Racegoers

MRS. TOMMY HICKMAN, who had come over from Warwickshire, was greeting many friends; she had brought her pretty little daughter-in-law, who was Loraine Clutterbuck before her marriage to Michael Hickman, of the 11th Hussars, last September. Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield came over together from the farm they have bought in Oxfordshire, and where he intends to devote his time to farming; Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, whose husband, Rear-Admiral Cyril Douglas-Pennant, is in the Far East, was enjoying a day off from her work at one of the St. John headquarters in London; and the Countess of Beauchamp, who had come over from nearby Madresfield, was wearing a lovely mink coat with a little red hat. Others in this very large crowd were Col. Cecil Pim; Lord Bicester, whose horse Red Prince led for the first two miles in the Gold Cup; Lady Jean Christie; Lord Ashton of Hyde; Col. Walter Pepys; Mrs. Peter Behrens, in mufti, and just back from North-West Europe; the Hon. Mrs. James McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Brittain-Jones, Capt. and Mrs. Roy Gaskell, Mrs. Kemp-Welch, Capt. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Philip Dunne, Capt. and Mrs. Hector Gordon, Mrs. Peter Herbert, Col. Peter Wiggin, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease, Col. and Mrs. Prior Palmer, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, Col. and Mrs. Jack Speed, Mrs. Bill Bligh, Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke, and Major and Mrs. Shedden.

M.B.E.

Mrs. C. A. H. M. Noble, whose picture we published on March 7th, page 291, after her Investiture at Buckingham Palace with her husband and brother, was awarded the M.B.E. and not the O.B.E., as stated in our caption. Our apologies for this slip of the pen.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

Mr. Gillett suggests this may have been due to early lack of tenderness on the part of her parents, who bundled her off, while still an infant, to live with cousins in order to make room for their other children. Elizabeth seems permanently to have lost, by this, the prestige due to her as the eldest Miss Ham—she had two younger sisters and four brothers. She says:

I know I had long a most oppressive feeling of my own inferiority to everyone about me, and this feeling, I am convinced, has influenced the whole of my life . . . it has given me an indecipherable indecision of manner, to say nothing of the invincible habit of blushing which has followed me through life, to my particular annoyance.

Then there was the too usual factor—a love-affair that went wrong. Mr. Jackson, of the South Cork Militia, was the "sensitive" type that probably holds the record for damage done to the female heart. And at that period (as we may learn from the novels of Jane Austen) the world was a Garden of Eden for Mr. Jacksons. A sigh, an air of aloofness, references to Tom Moore and Byron, and cryptic allusions to one's unhappy past—these could engage the interest of any girl who herself felt at odds with hearty, over-boisterous society. Mr. Jackson, moreover, had romantic looks and was related to a lord—and Elizabeth, coupled with an almost morbid dread of vulgarity, an idolisation of its inverse. She had genuine, if crude, sensibility at a time when fake sensibility was so much the thing, and my own feeling is that she was a highbrow manquée. Her starved mind combined with her starved heart to render her Mr. Jackson's ideal prey.

Nothing happened—nothing at all happened. She and Mr. Jackson maundered along, in that dream-like setting of West of Ireland beauty and in the protracted pitch of garrison-town romance, till Elizabeth, troubled by rumours brought by her girl-friends, grew tart, almost brutal, with unhappiness, and called Mr. Jackson's romantic bluff. For that he never forgave her—that type doesn't. Mr. Jackson had had a forerunner, in the Weymouth days, in one Valentine Hewlett: Mr. Hewlett had kept on sighing but never spoken. Years later, when he is married, he and Elizabeth meet again, and there is the charming interlude of the bay leaf.

Hospitality

"ELIZABETH HAM," by Herself, reminds me of *The Retrospections of Dorothea Herbert*. Miss Herbert, as an Irishwoman (whose book covers the years 1770-1806), is, rightly, not placed among the English women autobiographers mentioned by Mr. Gillett. Miss Herbert in Southern Ireland, Miss Ham in Connaught, both had what might literally be called a hell of a good time. Both give the same terrifying picture of fading illusion, of the lights going out. Poor Miss Herbert, always unstable, ends up mad; Miss Ham, shrewd, only handicapped by poor education, makes a career for herself (governess first, then authoress), and one only regrets that she had not a better one. I do not consider her "a born writer." Ideally, in these days, she would have run a hat-shop or been an interior decorator; as it was, she constructed hats that were the envy of all, spun a carpet, painted the dining-room chairs in a style that would be greatly admired now and successfully draped her aunt's chintz curtains.

"Hospitality," she says, writing in old age, "seems to be the only virtue that has suffered by the march of intellect." We do not, these days, exchange quite such lengthy visits. Did these people, packed on top of each other for weeks together in houses, not get on each other's nerves? Obviously they did—madly. Coolnesses, rudeness, hysterics and lost illusions teem in the pages of *Elizabeth Ham*. People did not know what was happening, or did not mind. Presumably, therefore, it did not matter.

The Down-Trodden

"WAIT FOR MRS. WILLARD," by Dorothy Langley (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is another woman's-angle book—this time a novel. It will be an eye-opener to any of us who take for granted that all American middle-class married women have a fine time, and that husbands there are somewhat held in subjection. Charles Willard, our heroine's professorial husband, is a monster, but how far is his monstrousness of his wife's creation? During the 1930 slump in Chicago, when starvation had threatened the Willards and their two small children, Charles had simply gone to bed, leaving his wife to cope. Sensitive, anxious to save his face, anxious that her children should have a proper father, she had overbolstered up his masculinity; and of this he subsequently takes full advantage.

Charles Willard, as a domestic bully, is reinforced by his more accomplished Aunt Gertrude. And who is this young Mrs. Willard who gets such a bad deal? She was a child when she married, and a child she remains—till first friendship, in the person of the emancipated Virginia Teagarden, then love, found during a convalescent summer in Indiana, come to the rescue and forcibly grow her up. She reminded me—in fact, might be a distant cousin—of some of the charming, ingenuous heroines of our dear, lamented "Elizabeth" of the "German Garden."

Inscrutables

IN *Sinister Errand*, the fine latest Peter Cheyney (Collins; 8s. 6d.), the girls decidedly have it—for soigné effrontery. The story is set in, and its plot hinges on, our recent delectable V-I English summer. It introduces a new "I" hero—one Michael Kells. He is kept more than busy finding out what the cast of charming creatures is up to, and, still better, we do not till some way on know what Michael Kells is up to himself.



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ONE FOR TOWN

● Black-and-white herringbone suiting has been cleverly accentuated with black-edged channel-seams to make this fresh-looking suit for town wear in spring. Both suit and hat are from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge: the suit £22 7s., the hat (a black felt halo with a lovely sweep off the face) £11 4s.



Photographs by Dormer Cole



● An old favourite in a new guise makes its reappearance in this button-up-high chalk-stripe flannel with its velvet collar and trim inset waist. It is a Travella suit made in nigger and white. Marshall and Snelgrove have it, price £13 13s. The tailored felt hat, also from Marshall and Snelgrove, costs £9 17s. 6d.

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Stories from Everywhere

A UNITED STATES Army officer stationed in Australia decided to go on a kangaroo hunt. He climbed into his jeep and instructed his negro driver to proceed to the plains in quest of a kangaroo. Soon they spotted one, and the driver drove the jeep in hot pursuit.

For some time they went at breakneck speed without gaining on the animal. Finally, the driver shouted to the officer:—

"Ain't no use chasin' that thing, sir!"

"Why, Sam?" asked the officer.

"'Cause we is now doin' sixty-five, and that critter ain't put his front feet down yet!"

THE elderly treasurer of a women's aid society went into a bank to deposit the organization's funds. She handed the money to a hard-of-hearing cashier with the casual remark that it was "the aid money."

The cashier thought she said "egg money," and wanted to compliment her.

"Remarkable," he said, "isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days?"

A HOTEL chambermaid was tipped half a crown not to give away the fact that a couple just arrived were newly married.

Going along the corridor a woman guest stopped her and said: "Honeymoon couple in the end room, aren't they, Mary?"

Loyal to the half a crown, Mary replied: "No, madam, you're quite wrong. They're just friends."

QUARTERMASTER: "How long is it since the men changed their blankets?"

L.A.C.: "About six months, sir."

Quartermaster: "They had better be changed at once."

L.A.C.: "They haven't any blankets to change, sir."

Quartermaster: "Then let them change with one another."

DURING his campaign for governor of New Jersey in 1940, Charles Edison, son of the inventor, introduced himself by explaining: "People will inevitably associate me with my father, but I would not have any one believe that I am trading on the name Edison. I would rather have you all know me merely as the result of one of my father's earlier experiments."

RETURNING to duty from leave, the soldier, loaded to the eyebrows with kit, boarded a tram for the station. When the conductor came round for the fare, he offered him a workman's return ticket.

"This won't do, chum," said the conductor, "it's meant for workmen only."

"Is that so?" replied the soldier, shifting his position.

"Well, if I haven't a spot of work to do, I'd like to know who has."

A HARD-WORKING woman had a wayward husband who almost always seemed to be in trouble—drunk, unemployed, gambling.

One day a friend asked her why she put up with him so long. Without hesitating, she replied: "It's like this. I make the living and he makes the living worth while."



Phyllis Calvert is acting as Chairman of the Committee for the World Premiere of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" which is to take place at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on Thursday, April 5th. The target for the Premiere is £15,000 and the entire proceeds are to be devoted to the Benevolent Funds of all Trade Unions engaged in the British Film Industry. The Lord Southwood is President of the Premiere Committee

THE soldier was home on leave and went to the village pub for a drink. There he found a meek-looking little man facing several empty glasses on the bar.

"Landlord," said the man, with the extreme pomposity of the "half-seas-over," "remove the British Army!"

The soldier immediately sprang to his feet and angrily demanded apology for his insult to the Forces.

"No offence, old man," replied the little man, waving a nonchalant hand, "I said those glasses were like the British Army, because they've done their duty and are ready to do it again."

SHE had just become engaged and was telling her best friend all about it.

"And then," she finished, a soft light in her blue eyes, "he said he would lay the earth at my feet."

But the light in her friend's eyes was a trifle hard.

"Sounds all right," she commented, "but not very practical, you know. You have the earth at your feet already; what you want is a roof over your head."

AN unnamed college girl in the States is credited with the assertion that "Phtholagnyrh" must be pronounced "Turner."

Explanation: phth is "t" as in phthisic; olo is "ur" as in colonel; gn is "n" as in gnat; and yrrh is "er" as in

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Pink Paper

REACTIONS to the government's White Paper on British Air Transport continue to be puzzling. Some say it is fascism in our time; others that it is communism, and yet others that it is neither red nor black, but plain pink. That the three proposed Corporations would in fact come under the dominance of British Overseas Airways is highly probable, so that the White Paper asks for an extension of a monopoly. Nobody is going to be allowed to run an air line inside Britain or outside it, unless he is approved by the Minister for Civil Aviation and then consents to be absorbed by British Overseas Airways.

What puzzled me most was that the newspapers which approved of the White Paper failed to see where their approval led them. For newspapers being part of the system of communications, every argument in favour of the State-guided monopoly used for air transport applies also to them.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart



F/Lt. David Shannon, of Bridgewater, South Australia, one of the most decorated Australian airmen, holds the D.S.O. and Bar, and the D.F.C. and Bar. He led a Lancaster flight on the Mohn-Eder-Sorpe dam-busting expedition under W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C. Last year he transferred to Transport Command

to give a full monopoly to an organization which has not met with universal approval, is hard to see.

So many first-class men have left British Overseas Airways—men with real aircraft operating experience—that it seems inopportune to give it an absolute monopoly (and in spite of the White Paper smoke-screen that is really what is proposed). Names I can think of off-hand are Woods Humphery, Burchall, Walker, Powell and Burke. They all left and no one knows exactly why to this day.

No. It is not possible for any one who has watched aviation grow up and who retains any sympathy with those who did the pioneer work, risking their private fortunes for their belief in flying, to approve of the proposals of the White Paper. The best thing that can happen to it is that it should be torn up and that when Lord Swinton returns he should be asked to try all over again.

Ten Tons

THE yet bigger bomb which the Lancasters have been dropping is the result of work which has been going on since early in the war and which has been inspired throughout by Mr. B. N. Wallis. Big bombs have advantages and disadvantages. For many kinds of target many small bombs are better than one big one. With many kinds of bombsight the same is true. But when the right kind of bombsight is available and the right kind of target is chosen, the ultra-heavy bomb is capable of doing things which no other military device has yet been able to do.

It was stated by Sir Archibald Sinclair in his really excellent speech on the Air Estimates that when the attack was made on the Tirpitz (also with bombs designed by Mr. Wallis, though of the 12,000-lb. variety), a new British bombsight was used. Nothing more has been said about this bombsight; but the success of the ultra-heavy bomb is bound up with it. In fact, one might say that the greater the accuracy, the greater value of the large-size bomb unit.

Some of the advantages of the smaller bomb lie in the fact that patterns can be used which tend to obliterate the errors of aim. If aiming errors are reduced, then greater weights can be concentrated in unit bombs. And the question has been asked if whether the ten-ton bomb is the limit. The answer is no. For as protection develops to cope with the ten-ton bomb, so the need for a yet larger bomb will eventually emerge. But let us hope it will not be in our lifetime.

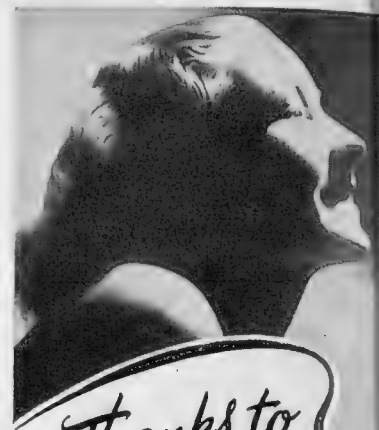
The British News Corporation

IN order to avoid "wasteful competition," in order to ensure that unpopular news is given, in order to do all the things State monopolies are said to do, we ought to divide up the news consumers into three batches and then form three Corporations. The directors of each of these Corporations would have to be approved by the Minister of Information and they would have to publish in their newspapers articles which the Ministry thought to be important whether they believed the public would like them or not. If the newspapers run by the corporations were financially unsuccessful, subsidies—though against government policy—would be provided for them. And the news services run by these Corporations would be—to use the term employed in the Aviation White Paper—"exclusive." No other newspapers would be allowed to exist. Nobody would be permitted to start his own newspaper. Only the three corporations would enjoy the right to distribute news.

Now that sounds fanciful at first; but is not fanciful if one watches the general trend. And the only people who do not recognize that trend are the newspapers who will finally be made to give way to the State newspaper so as to avoid "cut-throat competition."

Independent Air Lines

I KNOW that opposition to the monopolist scheme set out in the White Paper has come primarily from independent operators of aircraft and that these operators are mostly small men. They are small, that is, in comparison with the gigantic, taxpayer fed B.O.A.C. Not many people nowadays support the weaker party. It is more popular to keep on the side of the big battalions. B.O.A.C. is so rich and so big that it is bad policy to take the part of those who do not want to see it extending its grip on British flying. Yet justice demands that the case of the small independent operators should be fairly heard. These people were running licensed air lines and within their scope they were running them well. Why on earth they should be kicked downstairs in order



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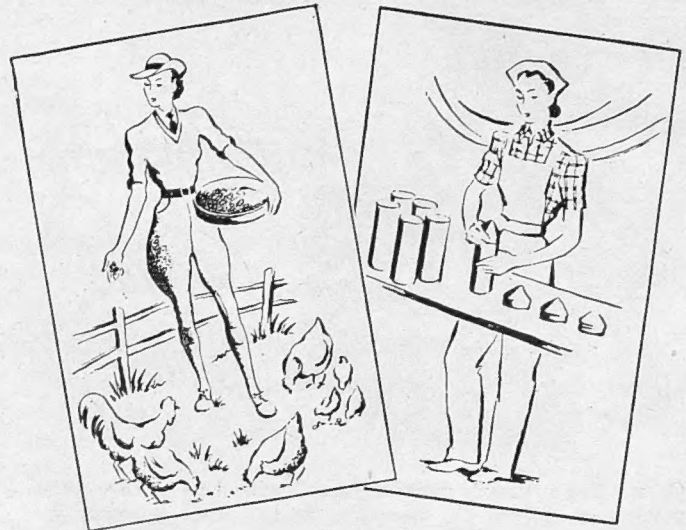
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Epic cure and epicures

The Dictionary gives "Epicure: one who is choice and dainty in eating and drinking" . . . the type of pre-war gourmet who, when lemon barley water was in question, chose Lembar and insisted on it. Now Lembar is available again; but hale Epicures no longer insist: they resign their rights to those suffering from acidosis, 'flu', biliousness, etc. Lembar (pure lemon juice, cane sugar, finest barley and glucose)—is for the medicine cupboard, *not* the sideboard—until the war is over.

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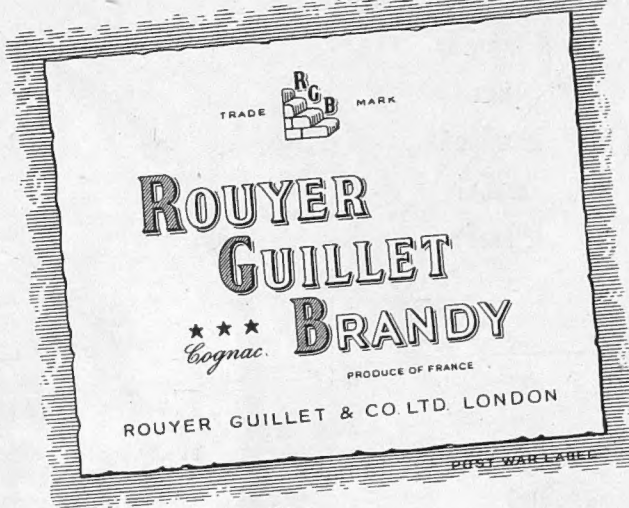
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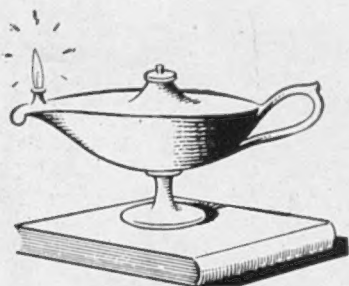
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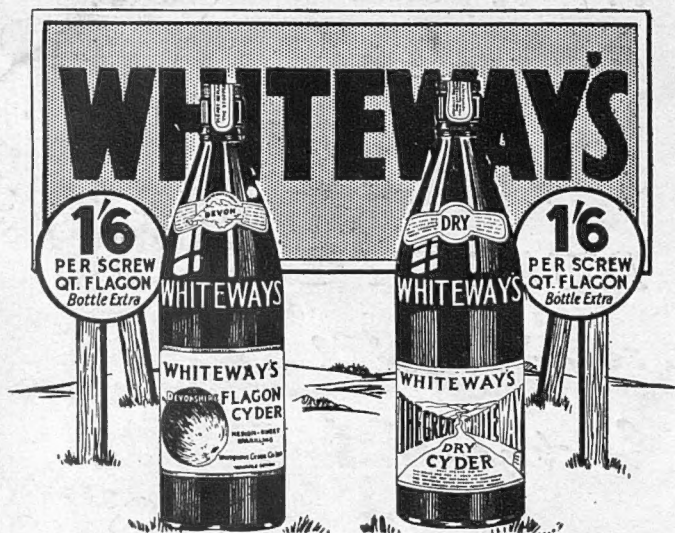
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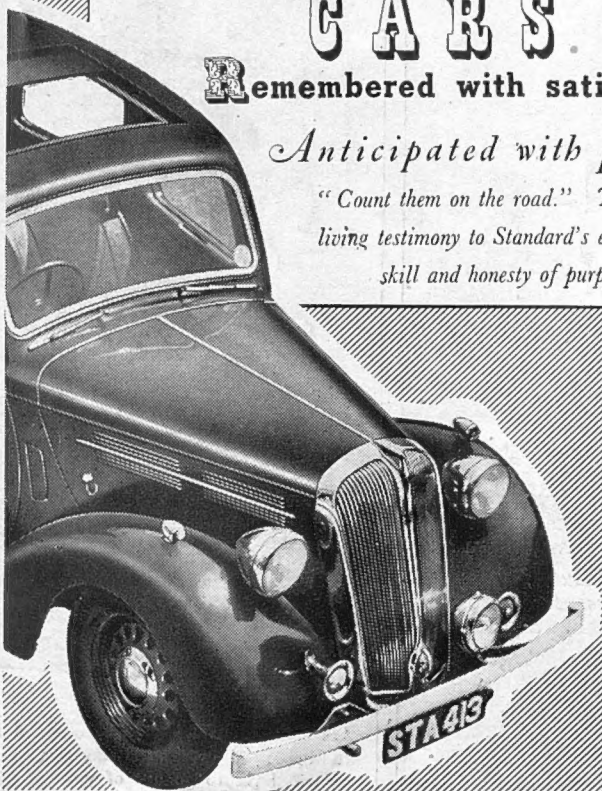
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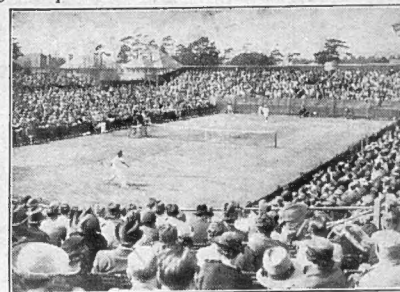
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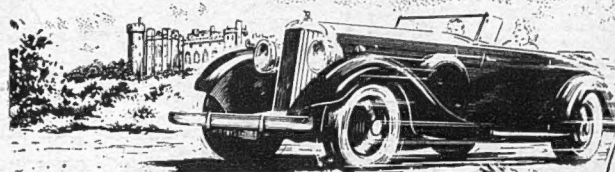
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